espaliers, all kept in the nicest order, where all their aged proprietors (for there are no young people left) are busied from sunrise to sunset in the various labours of gardening. Ours has a spacious arbour and a summer-house. Our landlord being a florist, flowers cheer the eye in the greatest part, of his grounds. Our next-door neighbour is a furious Jacobin, for the present quieted and turning his attention to the improvement of his premises.

The town of Fontainebleau is large, but not populous, because almost every habitation has a large garden. It was originally built and increased by the retired servants and pensioners of the Court; and it was remarked at the beginning of the troubles that the great destroyers, the most violent demagogues, were the *Bornes*, viz., the persons who subsisted upon the pensions and legacies left or given them by princes or ministers, and which they lived upon here. You will say that this circumstance militates against my idea of the natural gratitude of man.

We walked to-day through the forest on the

Nemours side. The crosses at the meeting of roads are all thrown down and broken every-where. There have been six thousand acres of wood cut since the Revolution; but as there are